

The TATLER

Vol. CLXIII. No. 2125

and **BYSTANDER**

London
March 18, 1942



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Price:
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Vol. CLXIII. No. 2125

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



Bertram Park

Lt.-Gen. Sir Harold Alexander, C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O.

Lieutenant-General Sir Harold Alexander was appointed G.O.C. in Burma early this month. He succeeded Lieutenant-General Thomas Hutton. Third son of the Fourth Earl of Caledon, Sir Harold is an Irishman and an "aggressive" soldier (see page 354). He is a great leader. He took the 1st Division to France in 1939 and was the last British soldier to leave the Dunkirk beaches on June 23, 1940. At twenty-four he commanded a battalion, at thirty-five a regiment, at forty-two a brigade, and at forty-five he was the youngest major-general in the British Army. In 1931 he married Lady Margaret Bingham, younger daughter of the Earl of Lucan, and has three children, two sons, Shane and Brian, and one daughter, Rose Maureen



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Indian Journey

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS has undertaken the most important mission of his career. He is on his way to India to produce a new constitution which will bring the people of India nearer to the goal of dominion status. No man ever undertook such a difficult task at such a difficult time. But the most significant thing is that Sir Stafford actually volunteered to undertake the task.

For many days there had been long discussion in the War Cabinet. While the Japanese menace grew, our Ministers were striving to find a solution of India's political problems. Plan after plan was considered, but each development of the discussions showed the same danger. A declaration of policy which might satisfy one section would anger another.

Political Interruption

THE departure of Sir Stafford Cripps for India, for a stay which may be longer than shorter, means an interruption in Sir Stafford Cripps's political career. This is the second interruption. At the behest of the Government he went to Moscow as British Ambassador. His career in the House of Commons was then becoming clearer after a series of disputes with the Labour Party which led to his dismissal from the ranks of official labour. But this second interruption breaks a more vital link. He had become established as leader of the House of Commons, and a member of the War Cabinet. In popular esteem—probably an emotional esteem borne of present events—Sir Stafford was ranking high. Nobody knows better than he what absence from the House of Commons means, and particularly at such times as these.

It may be significant, however, that Mr. Anthony Eden is to deputise for Sir Stafford

as leader of the House of Commons. These two have formed a close bond of working friendship. It is one of those peculiar outcrops of British political life that a conventional conservative of Mr. Eden's type should line up with a professedly Left-Wing progressive such as Sir Stafford. But here you have it; and I believe we shall hear more of this bond.

Of one thing I am fairly certain. There is no antagonism between these two progressive politicians. They both share the same ideal, which is to win the war as quickly as possible and get on with reconstruction of Europe and the world. For this purpose I am told that neither cares much who is Prime Minister, if either of them should be chosen to fulfil this onerous post.

Dynamic Force

WHILE on this matter of political personalities, there is a new figure to be watched. This is Sir James Grigg, the New Secretary of State for War. In the very near future he will take his seat in the House of Commons as an Independent. He may be selected to sit for the Putney division which is near London, and was formerly represented by Mr. Marcus Samuel, who recently died. Sir James Grigg could of course have sat in the House of Lords, if he had been willing to accept a peerage. This was seriously considered by the Prime Minister and his advisers. But Sir James expressed a preference for the hurly burly of the House of Commons. He is a man who speaks his mind freely and fearlessly, and apparently he feels that the time is overdue when there should be some plain speaking.

The House of Commons does not take kindly to plain words when they come from the Treasury Bench. Most Ministers have followed the line of least resistance by pampering the

House of Commons. Those who have neglected to do this have sometimes suffered in their subsequent political career. But Sir James Grigg does not desire a political career.

Whitehall Warrior

AT the War Office Sir James Grigg has proved himself to be something more than a Whitehall Warrior. Already there has been a shaking up, and more convulsions are coming. Like many people I wondered why Sir James had to be given the political control of the War Office to do the things that he could not do as Permanent Secretary. I have been given the explanation.

As Permanent Secretary Sir James had considerable administrative responsibilities, but on the Army Council he had only one voice, and this largely an advisory voice. As Secretary of State for War he presides over the Army Council, and in this capacity can listen to all the arguments and make his own decisions. This is what he is said to be doing in manner and speech which are startling some of his colleagues. His decision to weed out the officer class, and make every man from second lieutenant to lieutenant-colonel justify the rank he holds, is a remarkable step in wartime. We can rest assured, however, that it is necessary, otherwise Sir James Grigg would not have done it.

New Command

ONLY very short notice was given General Sir Harry Alexander to get to Burma and to take over his new command. General Wavell was in Burma when the Japanese were pressing on Rangoon. He had to make a rapid decision, and at his request General Alexander was flown to take over from General Hutton. Again in wartime these are startling developments, but the army has got a big job on and we are seeing the first indications of a new and ruthless policy. Who can doubt that it is necessary?

General Alexander did a big job in the evacuation from Dunkerque. He took over from Lord Gort, and was the last British soldier to leave the Continent. Lest wisecrackers should think he is an expert in army organisations, it should be stated that in the Guards General Alexander has a great reputation for his aggressive spirit. He is a born



Chief of Staff to the Minister of Defence

Major-General Sir Hastings Ismay was appointed Deputy-Secretary (Military) to the War Cabinet in 1939 and Chief of Staff to the Minister of Defence in 1940. He joined the 21st Cavalry (Frontier Force) in 1907, and served in Somaliland during the last war, when he won the D.S.O. Later he was Military Secretary to Lord Willingdon, then Viceroy of India, and in 1938 he became Secretary to the Imperial Defence Committee



The New Secretary For War

The appointment of Sir James Grigg to succeed Captain Margesson as Secretary for War is the first example of a Civil Servant taking ministerial charge of the department where he works. During his nine years in the Civil Service he was Principal Private Secretary to successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, including Mr. Churchill. Sir James has great drive and energy, and the valuable experience of his long and distinguished career in the Civil Service, into which he passed first in the higher grade examination, in 1912

fighter, and believes in seizing the offensive whenever possible. This is the spirit which will grow in the British Army in the months ahead. It is the spirit that is growing in all parts of this country, and in the countries of the Empire. It is the British spirit; and don't let anybody think that this spirit is dead.

Tojo's Terror

THERE was a gasp of horror through the House of Commons when Mr. Anthony Eden announced that fifty British officers and men had been bound and then bayoneted by Japanese soldiers. There was a deathly silence when he told how British women were being tortured, raped. There's never been such a story in modern times; its lesson should sink deep. It should rouse the anger of us all, for we owe something to the mothers and relatives of those soldiers who are in Japanese hands. Mothers must be suffering much now they know the worst.

For weeks the British Government had been aware of these Japanese atrocities. Their information came largely from those who had been fortunate enough to escape from Hong Kong. The first story that came out described how some British soldiers had actually been crucified. But the Government were unable to get any direct evidence from neutral observers. This caused them to give careful consideration to the matter and to pause before allowing these harrowing stories of human horror to be published.

Diplomatic Deadlock

BEHIND the scenes diplomacy was working to get the Japanese to appreciate modern standards of human conduct. The Argentine Government were asked to urge the Japanese to allow one of their representatives, or a representative of the International Red Cross, to visit Hong Kong. Repeated representations were made on these lines; but the Japanese Government would not respond. Were they ashamed that light might be shed on their foul deeds?

Of course, with all the veneer of western civilisation which the Japanese leaders have so quickly acquired they are still Orientals. They are Orientals with an added urge. They have met and defeated western armies; and their one desire is to make the white man look small

and undignified in the eyes of all Asiatics. This is the meaning of the atrocities; this is the tragedy which has befallen white women in Hong Kong and elsewhere. We ought to ask ourselves again and again; why did we underrate the Japanese, and why did we blind ourselves to their intentions?

Axis Support

I MAY be wrong, but I believe that Hitler's minions who work his propaganda machine rushed in too hurriedly with their support for the Japanese soldiery. It would not surprise me if before long they don't have to change their tune. Have they forgotten Hitler's racial doctrine? The people of Germany are white men and white women who will regard the Japanese atrocities with the same loathing as ourselves.

The Germans are a brutal race, but the brutality of a yellow man must cut across even their pride of race. The yellow peril is as much a peril to the Germans as to anybody else. And the German people, when they know, should also know that Hitler started this war. Hitler is still the great aggressor; he is still the main enemy of mankind and of all things human of which the most important is freedom of thought and action.

Japanese Jumps

BUT let us look at the Japanese situation. They have done remarkably well; much better than they expected. But where has it left them? With great strategic cunning they have overrun Malaya, occupied a number of key lines and now they threaten India on the one hand and Australia on the other. Surely this is a great undertaking for an isolated island race whose shortage of raw materials has always been one of its main problems, and whose shipping is not endless. Surely many of the men they have sent out will become hostages to fortune. Won't they be in the same position as were our tiny forces when they were assailed at various points?

But there is a difference. No matter how great is the skill of the Japanese commanders, and their industrial organisers, they cannot hope to make the weapons of war needed to defend the places they have taken. The United States alone will be able to overtake the Japanese resources of production in



At the Forces Art Exhibition

Lord Nathan of Churt and Lord Croft examined one of the exhibits at the London District Forces Exhibition of arts and crafts at the National Portrait Gallery, visited by the King and Queen on the opening day. Lord Croft is Joint-Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War, and Lord Nathan is Director of Welfare for the Troops in East and London Commands

a short time. In manpower the Allies will outstrip her.

I still believe that the Japanese let out their tentacles to establish claims with which they could gamble at a future peace conference. I believe it was all carefully calculated to establish, at no matter what cost, Japan's right to a place among the big powers and, above all, the recognition of her Asiatic domination. The atrocities committed in her name have wrecked this plan. Japan must be humbled and I'm not saying what forces will finally be ranged against her for this purpose. But clearly the human race cannot live under the threat of a real yellow peril.



Wing Commander T. C. Weir, R.A.F., went to Buckingham Palace with his wife to receive the D.F.C. awarded to him for gallantry and devotion to duty in air operations



Squadron Leader E. E. Collins, who was awarded the D.S.O., already holds the D.F.M. He took his sister, Mrs. Robinson, with him. She is a member of the Staffordshire Women's Land Army



Lieutenant-Commander E. G. Roper, R.N., was photographed leaving the Palace with Mrs. Roper after being decorated with the D.S.C. at the Investiture

Three of Those Decorated by the King at a Recent Investiture at Buckingham Palace

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By James Agate



"What A Man!"

W. C. Fields at the London Pavilion

The original story of this film was written by Fields himself under the name of Otis Criblecobles. The great comedian mumbles and grumbles his way through a series of ridiculous episodes. With his niece (Gloria Jean) he flies to Mexico to sell wooden nutmegs to members of a Russian colony. His adventures with Mrs. Hemoglobin (Margaret Dumont), a man-hater, and her pretty daughter Oulietta (Susan Miller), to whom he teaches the kissing game, fill up the rest of the story

SOME few days ago a kind friend sent me a copy of *The Cornhill Magazine* for 1876 in order that I might peruse an unsigned article on the Italian opera of the period. It was a good article, but next to it I came across real treasure-trove. This was an essay, also unsigned, on the "Nature of Humour." As the article might—though I do not think it will—elucidate the problem of W. C. Fields, I propose to give the readers the benefit of some of it, asking them to realise that I could easily have cheated and pretended the erudition was my own. For I take it that comparatively few of my readers, squinting at this page while being shaved or waved, will take the trouble to snatch off the tonsorial apparatus and rush frantically to Stanmore, or wherever the British Museum now houses its more rare books.

How is it that certain nations are notoriously humourless? Our author writes:

"If Frenchmen have ceased to be humorous since Rabelais and Montaigne, it is because they are the keenest of logicians. If Germans are not humorous, it is because they love sentiment too heartily to laugh at it. If the Scotch are not humorous, it is because the Puritan conception of the world realises the solemnity of life, and scorns all trifling with its awful realities.

He then proceeds to particularise about persons:

What is humour? That is one of the insoluble questions. Psychologists write about it, but not very successfully. Perhaps it is because no great philosopher was ever himself a humorist. Can any one imagine Kant, or Hegel, or Aristotle, or Descartes, or Coleridge, or Hume, or Mr. Mill really enjoying a bit of Aristophanes, or Swift, or Rabelais? Had Sophocles, or Phidias, or Raphael, or Dante, or Milton a sense of humour? Do you find humour in Thomas à Kempis, or in the Hebrew prophets? A loving apologist of the *Biglow Papers* has tried to defend his client from a foolish charge of profanity by discovering some touches of humour in Isaiah—as someone once associated dry humour with the Athanasian Creed. Even a schoolboy or a superficial reader can recognise the exquisite art of Horace, or the grandeur of Aeschylus, or the eternal freshness of Homer. But can they really laugh even over Aristophanes or Lucian? Do they not rather painfully discover by logical inference that there was once a pungent essence in the verbal framework which is now so elaborately pointless? We may come nearer to our own days. Read an Elizabethan jest book. Study the humour of Ben Jonson. Nay, read Shakespeare honestly and analyse your emotions. Is Nym's repetition of his cant-phrase very laughter-stirring? Does Mrs. Quickly stir the midriff like Mrs. Gamp? Can you not read Falstaff's story of the men in buckram without bringing tears to your eyes? Does it not seem to a modern reader as if some non-conducting medium was interposing itself between him and them?

AND that is the end of my borrowing. Except that just as a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, so I am inclined to believe in the permanence of what at any time has been first-rate in the kingdom of comedy. The teasing of Shakespeare's Augecheek by Sir Toby has defied time up to now, and will, I believe, defy it to the end. I do not believe there will ever be an age at which the world will refuse to laugh at Mrs. Gamp's

"I knows a lady, which her name, I'll not deceive you, Mrs. Chuzzlewit, is Harris, her husband's brother bein' six foot three, and marked with a mad bull in Wellington boots upon his left arm, on account of his precious

mother havin' been worried by one into a shoe-maker's shop when in a situation which blessed is the man as has his quiver full of sech, as many times I've said to Gamp when words had roge betwixt us on account of the expense—and often have I said to Mrs. Harris, 'Oh, Mrs. Harris, ma'am! Your countenance is quite a angel's!' Which, but for pimples, it would be."

WHEN you come to actors, genuine and film, a new element introduces itself, which is the person of the player. I have known actors interpose their dull selves between us and Shakespeare, so that the wildest nonsense of Dogberry and Verges has been deprived of its fun. This matter of a comedian's personality is entirely incalculable. I have been the only unmoved person in a vast audience doubled up with laughter at George Formby, Arthur Askey, Harold Lloyd and Eddie Cantor, all of whom I have found monumentally unfunny. As against this a very clever friend of mine has never been able to raise a smile at Leslie Henson, Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare, Nervo and Knox, Laurel and Hardy, all of whom I consider comic geniuses of the first water. On one point we agree. This is the Marx Brothers, among whom Groucho rouses us to the highest point of intellectual risibility while the others plunge us into despair.

A nice point here presents itself. Have there ever been comedians whom *everybody* thought funny? In my experience these number six—they are Arthur Roberts, G. P. Huntley, Little Tich, George Robey, Charlie Chaplin and Grock. Even so, some of these outlived their comicality. I remember the last appearance of Little Tich. To my eyes he was as funny as ever. He made the same jokes with the same perfection of timing. He had moulted no feather of oddity or drollery. But the audience was a new one and appeared disappointed not to find in the English comedian the American wisecracking which was just coming into fashion. He scarcely got a hand. And where there had formerly been tears there were now yawns.

WHERE then shall we place W. C. Fields? Will he be for all time or is he only immensely for today? For some years I entertained a grievance against this comedian, that grievance being caused by his impersonation of Mr. Micawber, degraded by this actor to the level of a common buffoon. And Mr. Micawber was a gentleman. At the London Pavilion this week I forgave him utterly. His performance in *What a Man!* would, I suggest, have struck a chord in the breasts of Shakespeare, Smollett, Dickens and Lamb. Fields is a Mahomet to whom all mountains come. Nature suspends her laws on his behalf so that it is her gravity which is impaired and not ours. He can throw away a point more effectually than most comedians can make one. He raises laughter merely in the act of standing still. One more quotation. Writing of Munden, Lamb says: "Who like him can throw, or ever attempted to throw a preternatural interest over the commonest daily-life objects? A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a platonic idea. He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering, amid the commonplace materials of life, like primaeval man with the sun and stars about him." The parallel holds good except that if Munden were Fields sun and stars would be laughing.

Film Medley

Slapstick, Spies, and Sentiment



Bud Abbott, Lou Costello, Martha Raye

"Keep 'Em Flying" (Leicester Square). Is slapstick comedy directed by Arthur Lubin. Bud and Lou, two amusement park attendants who lose their jobs and enrol with patriotic ardour as mechanics at a flying academy, keep the fun going with their girl friends, Gloria, a clinging vine type, and Barbara, her twin sister, a noisy, rowdy damsel (both parts played by Martha Raye). Romance steps in with Jinx Roberts (Dick Foran) a dare-devil stunt pilot, and his club-house-hostess sweetheart Linda Joyce (Carol Bruce)

Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald



Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland

"The Lady Has Plans" (Plaza, March 20) is a broad spy comedy directed by Sidney Lanfield. Kenneth Harper (Ray Milland) is an American radio commentator. Helping him to track down international spy stories in Lisbon is newsgirl Sidney Royce (Paulette Goddard). An attempt to impersonate Sidney by a beautiful American racketeer in the pay of a foreign spy ring (played by Margaret Hayes) gives the lead to all the complications of mixed identity, espionage and counter-espionage and all the thrill of watching secret plans of a radio-controlled torpedo drawn on the naked flesh of a glamorous lady



Ian Hunter, Brian Aherne, Jeanette Macdonald

"Smilin' Through" (Empire), directed by Frank Borzage, is a new musical adaptation of the well-known love story. Brian Aherne plays Sir John Carteret and Ian Hunter the Rev. Owen Harding. Jeanette is, of course, both Kathleen, the young girl Sir John loved but never married, and Moonyean, Kathleen's niece, who is brought up by Sir John. Gene Raymond is both Jeremy Wayne, who took Kathleen's life in a jealous attempt on Sir John's, and Kenneth, Jeremy's soldier son, who loves Moonyean. This is the first picture in which Jeanette and Gene (in private life Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond) have appeared together. In it Jeanette sings Kipling's "Recessional" as set to music by Reginald de Koven, and "Land of Hope and Glory" based on Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance"

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Doctor's Dilemma (Haymarket)

THE obvious thing to say of this clinical comedy is that its fun (though forty years old) does not date; and of the young actress, who plays the heroine in this excellent revival, that Miss Vivien Leigh is as lovely in looks as ever. I will say these things because they are true. Mr. Shaw's serio-comic exposure of the foibles of fashionable quacks remains a delightful tonic. And while his heroine is dressed (cats might say upholstered) in the early Edwardian style, that merely enhances her charm.

The characters as a whole are as free of period trammels as, say, the cast of *Punch* and *Judy*, or the mind of their creator, who set them talking so blithely of time, death and judgment nearly forty years ago.

You probably recall the details of the doctor's dilemma, which the play so loquaciously resolves. Should that eminent bacteriologist, Sir Colenso Ridgeon, whose professional skill and strictly limited laboratory resources are already strained, accept another patient? He cannot, in any case, take more. And if he does so, should that patient be young Dubedat, an unmitigated blackguard who happens also to be a painter of genius, or should it be the blameless but humdrum Blenkinsop, a wildly unsuccessful general practitioner, who was his friend in student days? Both are consumptive, and fated to die without his care.

The "Brains Trust" convened to debate and resolve this dilemma includes four of Sir Colenso's most illustrious colleagues, and the artist's devoted and charming wife. While holding different clinical views and practising different methods, these medical pundits are commonly endowed with Shavian eloquence, and so are more than able to express their views and less than diffident in applying their methods.

Their momentous decision in favour of the artist, is arrived at during a lantern-lit dinner-party on the terrace of the "Star and Garter" at Richmond, which the artist and his wife attend. Thus genius wins, less on personal



The artist's beautiful wife, Mrs. Dubedat, and the maid (Vivien Leigh and Joan Lang)

merit, than through the susceptibility of the judges to the charm of his wife.

THE action of the play, however, is not merely dialectical. It bubbles with humour, is stiffened with relevant drama, and laced with acceptable sentiment. The talk is as stimulating to hear as easy to chuckle at. Occasional excursions into somewhat uneasy farce (*pace* that egregious journalist!) are offset by passages of confident pathos. Which bring us to consider Miss Vivien Leigh—box-office magnet and rising star—to whom the pathos so largely falls.

As a three-dimensional actress Miss Leigh

rises steadily. Her screen triumphs have not gone to her head or with the wind; nor have they dazzled her into underrating the stiffer fences of the stage. She takes those fences with the repose of a veteran, and she looks, of course, a dream. Beside the rationed economy of wartime modes, her Edwardian confections seem paradisaical. At each of her entrances the footlights obediently brighten. She comes, indeed, trailing skirts of glory.

You will possibly have favourites among the disputing doctors, who range in type from dignity to impudence. Of their present representatives Mr. Morland Graham, as the veteran Sir Patrick, most consistently evoked my admiration. To watch and listen to his suave yet infallible mastery of the niceties of character is to appreciate what so sterling an actor can do with what might appear to be an actor-proof part. His is the art that intensifies itself by concealment.

Mr. Austin Trevor's booming "B.B.", the phagocyte-tamer, seemed to me a thought too Gilbertian. The only thing, I felt, to which he might stimulate the phagocytes was laughter; and they, as you may remember, tickled poor Dubedat to death. Mr. Charles Goldner presents an irresistible Disraelian rogue. The subtle realism of Mr. George Relph's poor but honest Blenkinsop is truly pathetic; and Mr. Frank Allenby's Sir Colenso, though sorely tried both as scientist and lover, keeps a stiff upper lip.

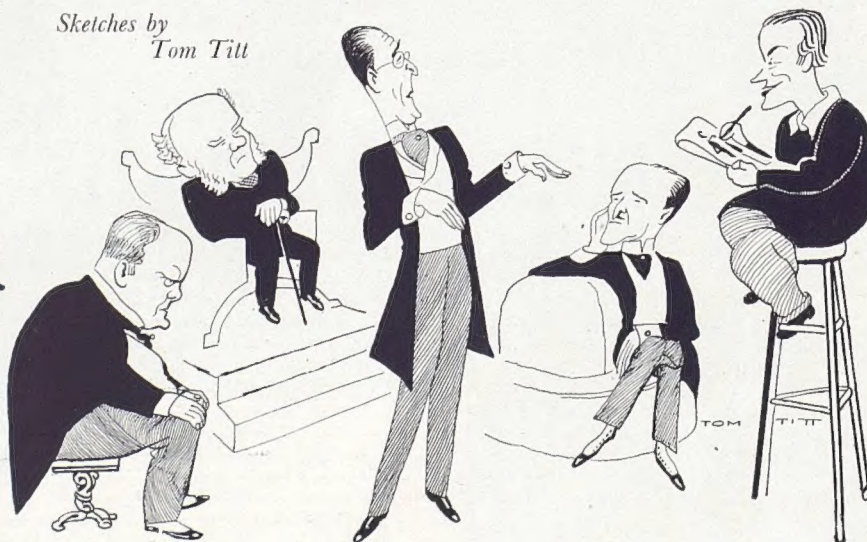
THE part of Dubedat is a bit of a teaser for actor and audience. It calls for compulsive charm in the actor and, from the audience a sympathetic indulgence for the foibles of professed genius. Mr. Cyril Cusack cleverly exonerates the blackguard, and dies in full limelight with affecting success. The famous apologia—"I believe in Michael Angelo"—on which he makes his mortal exit is admirably spoken, convincingly modulated by the approach of death, and remains one of the play's high spots.

A somewhat precarious balance between drama and debate must make this a difficult play to produce. With the aid of this excellent company, Miss Irene Hentschel maintains that balance and presents an enjoyable version of a Shavian classic. The play itself has more wit, sheer entertainment and evocative power than a wilderness of merely well-made plays. There is the less need for me to urge you to see it, since Miss Leigh and the rumour of the town will make a visit imperative.



Failure and success. George Relph as the high principled failure, and Charles Goldner as his more successful contemporary

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Doctors discuss the merits of their would-be patient, the artist who is indifferent to their arguings (John Turnbull, Morland Graham, Austin Trevor, Frank Allenby and Louis Dubedat)



Emmy, Sir Colenso Ridgeon's housekeeper, whose creed is law and order (Margaret Murray)



Delia Lipinskaya

Russian - Born Star of
"Moscow Bells"

Delia Lipinskaya is not yet well known in this country. She came here from Vienna shortly before the war broke out, and since then has appeared at the Windmill Theatre and in cabaret at the May Fair Hotel. Now she is in *Moscow Bells* (see pages 362 and 363) and is rapidly making a name for herself with her brilliant impressions and sparkling songs. She was born in Leningrad, and at the age of four was a student at the Conservatoire. When only six, she gave a recital under the conductorship of the great Russian composer, Glazounov. In private life, Mlle. Lipinskaya is the wife of Boris Nevolin, producer of *Moscow Bells*.



An Impersonation of Marlene Dietrich



An Impression of Nell Gwynn

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

Panto. Party

CHILDREN who were taken to see *Jack and Jill* at the Palace recently had a lovely surprise awaiting them. They found there not only the traditional fairy princess, but two real princesses, our own Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.

The royal princesses were dressed alike, in dusty rose, and stood one each side of the Queen in acknowledging the cheers of the young and old audience. Princess Elizabeth is nearly as tall as her mother now. Both she and her sister are radio fans. When Arthur Askey and Florence Desmond were received by the Queen in the interval, Princess Elizabeth had a long discussion with "Big" on the rival merits of his old "Band Waggon" programme and his newer "Big Time."

Honi Soit

WHEN Lord Selborne was received by the King on his appointment as Minister of Economic Warfare, he handed back to his Majesty the Insignia of the Order of the Garter worn by his father, who died last month.

The Garter Insignia, consisting of the eight-pointed silver star with the Cross of St. George in rubies, and the "Lesser George," which is worn on the blue Garter ribbon, must be given back to the King whenever a Knight dies, while the Collar, which weighs thirty ounces troy of gold, and the Garter itself, are returned to the Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood. The total value of the Insignia runs into well over four figures.

The Queen and Queen Mary, as Ladies of the Order, wear a diamond bracelet, shaped like a garter, with the famous motto "Honi soit qui mal y pense" in diamond lettering, above the elbow on the left arm.

Yugoslav Exhibitions

QUEEN MARIE OF YUGOSLAVIA, who is a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, has been opening exhibitions of native work and art, organised by the Royal Yugoslavian Government, in London and Cambridge.

At Cambridge, Queen Marie was welcomed by her eighteen-year-old son, King Peter, now an undergraduate at Clare, where he is studying economic history and other subjects considered part of a modern King's essential equipment.



An Engagement Bertram Park

Miss Susan Katharine Ismay has announced her engagement to T/Captain Neville Chance, the South Lancashire Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Chance, of Rangoon. She is the eldest daughter of Major-General Sir Hastings and Lady Ismay, of Wormington Grange, Broadway, Worcestershire.

Queen Marie lives quietly in a centuries'-old mill-house on the borders of Bedfordshire with her great friend Mrs. Peter Cresswell, who was at school with her at Heathfield.

Young King Peter has a passion for anything mechanical and knows every inch of the road between Cambridge and his mother's temporary home. He motor-bikes over it regularly every week-end.

In London Again

LADY OLIPHANT is frequently in London, now that her husband is kept busy in town as British Ambassador to the Belgian Government. Since Sir Lancelot got back to this country after prisoner-of-war experience in Germany (he was caught escaping from the British Embassy in Brussels), they have been living in Hampshire. But Hampshire is too far away for daily work in town, so Lady Oliphant is looking for something nearer. Her two children by her former marriage to the late Lord Churchill, the Hon. Victor and the Hon. Sarah Spencer, are living in the country. Sarah has the same lovely auburn hair as her mother, who used to run the very successful little hat-shop known as "Natika," where she would fit and design models for special customers herself.



A Welcome from the Y.W.C.A.

The Hon. Mrs. Erskine is vice-president of the Y.W.C.A. of Great Britain, and here she is greeting a member of the Canadian forces at the Y.W.C.A. Central Club. Many women members of the Services as well as civilians spend their leisure hours there, and they find every facility for rest and recreation.

Out . . .

ALSO in London is Vanda Bridgewater. I saw her out walking, hatless, and enjoying the first touch of spring. She was Vanda Vivian, and is the very pretty blonde step-sister of Lady Weymouth. She told me that her husband, who is in a famous cavalry regiment now mechanised, and known to his many friends as "Tadpole," is just recovering from the childish complaint of mumps.

Another familiar face out in the sunshine was Mrs. Glorney, whom we don't see so much of these days, with so little racing.

And About

DANCING one night was Lady Weymouth, looking lovely and doing the Conga really well, which is uncommon. Lord Stanley of Alderley was in a beard, because he is in the Navy.

Among people having drinks one day were Mr. Otto Kruger, Mr. Lionel Perry, Mrs. Roddy Thesiger—she was Miss Mary Rose Charteris, sister of the Ladies Long and O'Neill: their young brother has just gone to an O.C.T.U.—and Captain and Mrs. Rupert Byass.

Shopping, with long, wind-blown hair and a camel coat, was Lady Isobel Milles, whose brother is Lord Sondes.

Lunching

THE Duchess of Roxburghe sat near me at lunch, in a jaunty little scarlet hat with a black coat. Earlier in the day I had seen her shopping in Bond Street in her lovely mink coat, but she had evidently found the day too warm to keep this on. The Duchess has only recently returned from the East, via India, where she was the guest of the Viceroy and Lady Linlithgow.

Also lunching at the same restaurant were the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, and Lady Weigall, who was looking radiant and greeting friends right and left. Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall are living in their Ascot home, where they have very cleverly made little apartments for several of their friends to stay for the duration, including the Polish Ambassador and his wife and children. Lady Weigall is very active in spite of her inability to walk much. She does the cooking now, so she says, and all from her wheeled chair. This is not really surprising, as she is nothing if not inventive, and always likes to keep her hands busy.

Dining

LORD and Lady Errington (see page 365) were among the many people dining at the Lansdowne, where Tim Clayton, exactly like Hardy, of Laurel and Hardy, plays the piano so well. Also the Archduke Robert of Austria, Lord



Married in London

Captain Bryan Cosmo Bonsor, R.A., and Miss Elizabeth Hambro were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on March 7th. He is the elder son of Sir Reginald and Lady Bonsor, of Liscombe Park, Leighton Buzzard, and his bride is the daughter of Captain A. V. Hambro, M.P., and Mrs. Hambro, of Milton Abbas, Dorset.



A Charity Performance to Provide Books for the Navy

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound was at the Haymarket Theatre for the special performance of "The Doctor's Dilemma," given in aid of the Royal Naval War Libraries. In the photograph he is with Virien Leigh, who plays Jennifer Dubedat in the play, and her husband, Laurence Olivier, now a Lieutenant in the Fleet Air Arm. The First Sea Lord made an appeal from the stage during an interval, for books for the Navy, and £800 was raised by the performance. "The Doctor's Dilemma" is reviewed on page 358

and Lady Ashley—he is Lord Shaftesbury's son, and part of his father's lovely house is now a girls' school—Lord Brougham and Vaux, Mr. Richard Tauber, just before laryngitis postponed his Sunday concert; Miss Diana Barnato, Mr. Edward Hulton, of *Picture Post*, *Lilliput*, and the rest; Mr. Robert Sweeny, in his smart Air Force blue, with Miss Ghislane Dresselhuys, Lady Kemsley's daughter, in a white lace blouse and black skirt; and Miss June Osborne and Mrs. Baxendale, who was Miss Althea Spicer, two of the prettiest people there.

Good News

Two of our loveliest young-marrieds have just heard that their husbands are prisoners in the Middle East. These are Nan Daly and Ursula Blackett. Nan Daly is the wife of Dermot Daly, and before her marriage was Nan Macgowan, Lord Macgowan's daughter. Ursula Blackett was one of the two pretty Trevilian sisters, and is married to Douglas ("Copper") Blackett, son and heir of Sir Hugh Blackett, who lives in the North.

Mrs. Duncan Campbell has had a worrying time over her son, Mr. Ian Campbell, who was reported missing when flying over the Mediterranean. Now, however, she too has good news, for she has heard that he is safe in prison in Italy—he was allowed to write her a card himself. She was a well-known hunting woman, and used to judge at horse shows, too, before the war: also had a lovely villa in Capri in the summers. She was having a drink with Mr. Gavin Vernon Black, whose brother Richard, well known as an amateur steeplechase jockey, is also a prisoner.

Night Life

THE Duke of Rutland was among the people sitting up late to hear Al Burdett sing his familiar but always popular songs—"Sunshine Susie," "Bell-Bottomed Trousers," and so on, all shouted heartily by the assembled boys.

Lady Carolyn Howard was there too: she is Lord Carlisle's daughter, and around a lot. Mr. Brian Howard (no relation) was sitting near—he has appeared in several books about the gay old days, *Society Racket*, by Patrick



A New Home for Blitzed Babies

In the absence through illness of the Duchess of Norfolk, her sister-in-law, Lady Katharine Phillips, laid the foundation stone of a new home for children air-raid victims, who are being cared for by the Heritage Craft Schools at Chailey, in Sussex. Here she is seen with some of them. Part of the funds for the home was provided by the British War Relief Society of the U.S.A.

Balfour, now Lord Kinross, for one, and, in disguise, in Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies*.

And Mr. Walter Crisham was wearing a lovely spotty red bow-tie.

On the Floor

THIS doesn't mean what it says at all, but it is the way people talk about making a film—"going on the floor" with it. This happens in all directions at Denham, where three films are being made, and the people in them all lunch together wearing their different strange clothes and bright yellow faces.

Produced by Marcel Hellman, directed by Paul Stein, *Jacqueline* was being made in one vast place like an aeroplane hangar. A scene in a crowded restaurant at night meant that there were masses of odd-looking extras sitting about at tables, drinking bogus champagne and being bogusly bright, while someone called Marcel de Haes, alleged to be a Chevalier imitator, sang over and over again a song called, with daring originality, "It's All About Love."

Pretty Carla Lehmann stood about in a black coat and skirt, and Roland Culver was

(Concluded on page 374)



The Christening of Lord and Lady David Cecil's Second Son

Hugh Peniston Gascoyne-Cecil was christened at St. Cross Church, Oxford. Above are Lord and Lady David Cecil with the baby and their elder son, Jonathan, born in 1939. Lord David is the Marquess of Salisbury's younger son, and he married Miss Rachel MacCarthy, daughter of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, the well-known author and journalist

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Cecil arrived with Mrs. R. Harrod (centre) at the christening of Lord David Cecil's son. Viscount Cranborne and the Duchess of Devonshire, elder son and heir and younger daughter of Lord Salisbury, were godparents to their nephew

Johnson, Oxford

Captain John Smith and Lady Cynthia Asquith were two more godparents. Lady Cynthia, who is a daughter of the ninth Lord Wemyss and an aunt of the present Earl, married the Hon. Herbert Asquith, son of the first Lord Oxford and Asquith, in 1910

"Moscow Bells"

Opera, Ballet and
Musical Comedy
at the Coliseum

Professor Lukomsky designed the curtain for one of the most spectacular scenes in the Anglo-Russian show at the Coliseum: "The Great Fire of Moscow." Born Prince Lukomsky, the artist was curator of the Tzar's treasures at Tzarskoe Selo till 1917, and was kept on at his post when the Bolsheviks turned the palace into a museum. He has lived in England for some years now, and his association with the Russian Ballet dates from 1904



Lukomsky's Curtain in "The Great Fire of Moscow"



"Don Cossacks": a Modern Russian Musical Comedy

At the end of the programme of "Moscow Bells" comes "Don Cossacks," a musical comedy arranged by Delabris with scenery by Lukomsky. In it are presented the songs, dances and jokes current in the lives of contemporary Russians, and the show ends on a note of stirring patriotism

The story of "Sadko" tells of a folk-lore singer loved by a Fairy Princess who gives him three magic fishes which turn everything to gold. This gift enables him to indulge in his heart's desire, to travel to other countries and acquaint himself with their lives and culture. Francis Russell and Ivor Samuel are alternates in the role of Sadko

Moscow Bells, the Anglo-Russian entertainment at the Coliseum, covers a wide range of Russian theatrical achievement since the days of Peter the Great. Included in the varied programme are excerpts from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, *Sadko*; a symbolic ballet, "The Building of Russia," set to Prokofiev's music; "The Great Fire of Moscow," with scenery by Lukomsky. There is a series of Humoresques, purely Russian in their wit and characterisation, and finally "Don Cossacks," a Russian musical comedy of the present day, and a gay and amusing exposition of life as it is lived by the contemporary Bolsheviks. Lina Menova is delightful as the Fairy Princess in *Sadko*. Delia Lipinskaya (of whom pictures appear on page 359) combines sophistication and naivete in her rendering of the comic songs in "Don Cossacks," and the musical director is Serge Krish, conducting the New Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra

A Scene from "Sadko": Rimsky-Korsakov's Fantastic Opera





Out of the lake appear swans who turn into beautiful fairy maidens headed by the Fairy Princess. Hearing the songs of Sadko, the Princess falls in love with him and begs him to sing for her again. The maidens dance and disappear, leaving the lovers together. Principal ballet dancers in this scene from the opera "Sadko" are Pauline Grant, Irena Tresvinskaya, Lydia Verenova and Barbara Vernon

Sadko (Ivor Samuel) With the Fairy Princess (Lina Menova) and the Fairy Maidens



Francis Russell shares the tenor role with Ivor Samuel in the name-part of Rimsky-Korsakov's famous opera "Sadko"



Lina Menova, soprano and leading lady in "Sadko," gives an accomplished performance as the Fairy Princess

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

NOTHING being more uncongenial, as many know, than a battlefield on a long, lovely summer afternoon, it is easy to imagine what kind of nightmare Bali, Java, and the other beautiful East Indies islands must be passing through.

They have heard gunfire on a small scale before, when French and British frigates were lobbing balls decorously at each other, and maybe they've seen the knives flashing during a pirates' conversation (though the West Indies know more about this). Java has also witnessed that murky and macabre sight, a gaggle of pebbly-spectacled scientists gibbering like apes over the remains of the alleged Missing Link, only to be fooled again. But dive-bombers and tanks and tommy-guns operating against that tropic background of sun-drenched blue and green, with palms waving and bright-coloured birds screaming and the turquoise sea crashing on rosy reefs and golden beaches must be as monstrous a shock to the senses as—what can one say?—as the sight of a pair of corduroy pants in the Labour Party executive.

Meditation

IN the West Indies, which have been thoroughly soaked by the pirates in rum and blood, you'd probably get this nightmare feeling less strongly if blitzed. Buckets of Jamaica rum those tarry boys used to chuck over each other in playful mood (see Esquemeling), gallons of blood they shed. Nobody minded and no questions were asked in Parliament. Any British pirates indulging in alcohol to that extent to-day

would pretty soon find themselves up against Lady A——, we dare aver.

Ordeal

TENNIS-TEAS, Lady Brooke-Popham indicated the other day, are to some extent responsible for the fall of Malaya, which is not surprising. Lawn-tennis demands strict attention, though less of an all-weather Malayan sport, we gather from the storied pages of Slogger Somerset Maugham, than others, such as stengah-shifting and 'cuckoldry.

Wimbledon's long share in training the Race for sterner occupations than war should not be overlooked by future historians. Those serried thousands of dumb frigid pans turning smartly left-right, left-right in unison throughout long afternoons, as if worked by machinery, the tigerish kiss of some enormous lawn-tennis queen congratulating her principal rival on a win, those huge leaping sweethearts thrashing whizzbangs with flails made the Centre Court a Spartan school indeed. The Test atmosphere at Lord's, recalling lush paddocks, the cool, fragrant gloom of stables, and kind, long, noble, sad, munching faces hanging perpetually over half-doors, led the careless and ribald to higher things in a less ruthless way. It's the high-power ferocity of Wimbledon that makes World War II look like a sissy, so far.

Yet lawn-tennis has its less inhuman aspects. Goering, for example, always plays



"Isn't he sweet? He's just getting the answer to the night-bomber"

in a hair-net; an amiable concession, we take it, to sentimentality, like the incest-motif in Wagner's *Ring*.

Skylantern

COPPER-COLOURED moons meaning nothing in our life—we regard the Moon, as Samuel Butler regarded dumb-bells, with suspicion, as being academic—we didn't sit up to stare at the recent total lunar eclipse. It's a Japanese business anyway and we'd rather not be mixed up in it.

The Japanese, an Orientalist once assured us, have owned the Moon exclusively for centuries. It hangs so dazzling and enormous a lantern over Japan that it has hypnotised most of their art, poetry, and literature, and they speak of it as "our Moon," their little yellow pans grimacing with hideous triumph and contempt at the thought of the trumpery toy balloon Western barbarians have to put up with in their sky. As if anybody cared, barring a few of our poetry boys—e.g., Shelley, who shrewdly hit back by pointing out that the Moon is nuts, anyway:

... a dying lady lean and pale
Who totters forth, wrapp'd in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain ...

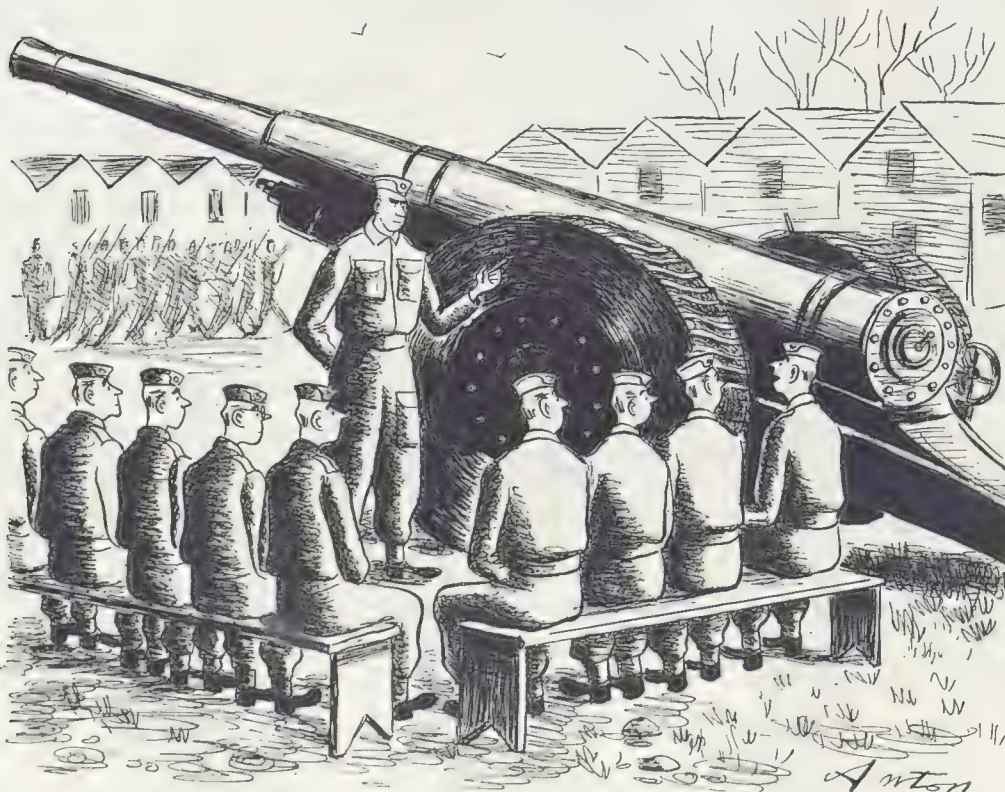
It naturally follows that chaps who devote overmuch attention to this nightmare planet, this white, silent hell, must be nuts themselves ("I'm such a silly when the Moon comes out," as Gertie Millar used to sing at the Gaiety, *temp.* Edward VII.), and therefore that thinkers who ascribe Japan's war-gamble to all sorts of complicated reasons are off the track. It is much simpler than that, and we don't know how the boys at Greenwich Observatory come out of this lunar folly either. Not too well, we fear, if those stories about dancing top-hats in Greenwich Park at midnight during full moon are true.

Recital

LISTENING to a little actress delivering herself of some poetry over the air the other night and fluting and yearning and vibrating like billy-ho, we decided that those chaps may be right who insist firmly that poetry should never be recited in any circumstances.

Yeats tried a compromise at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, by having his verse chanted to a sort of lyre accompaniment, and the Sitwells developed this idea for *Façade*. So

(Concluded on page 366)



"Which is the business end, Sergeant?"

January Bride

Lady Errington Runs Her
First Home



*Cooking for a Husband
is a Serious Business*

Lady Errington, the former Esmé Harmsworth, younger daughter of Viscount Rothermere and Mrs. T. A. Hussey, married the twenty-four-year-old son and heir of the Earl of Cromer at St. Dunstan-in-the-West, Fleet Street, on January 10th this year. For the time being, she is living in a furnished house so that she can be near and see as much as possible of her soldier-husband, who is a Captain in the Grenadiers. Lady Errington is thoroughly enjoying her first experience as a housewife. She loves the country, so gardening comes easily to her, but cooking is something quite new. However, we learn on the best authority that it is proving a highly successful experiment



*At Twenty, Climbing Trees is
a Pleasant Form of Exercise*

*Photographs
by Swaebe*

Ice Must Be Broken Up if the Fishes Are to Breathe



Work Over for the Day, Lady Errington Puts Her Feet Up



Standing By ...

(Continued)

did a little man in white silk shorts and an embroidered chemise we saw prancing anxiously on a stage in Chelsea years ago, mouthing esoteric verse to a kind of lute, symbolising the One-ness of the All; only a weak moustache and knobbly knees spoiled it, but several dishevelled women in the audience, if they were women, were quite carried away. Even then we'd much rather not have verse recited to us, thank you, except occasionally by great ranting snorting *cabotins* like the Comédie-Française boys, who are not spouting Racine or Corneille but giving a music recital on their gorgeous vocal chords; a very different thing.

Trauma

OUR general aversion to the public recital of poetry incidentally has a Freudian origin; we suffer from what

Harley Street calls *hystrioclaustrophobia*, the fear of being trapped in an enclosed space with a lot of wild actors. A noted psychopath we consulted recently said after psycho-analysing us, "Was your grandmother ever locked by mistake in an old oak linen-chest with a lot of mothballs and Sir Henry Irving?", and we said "Never," and the eminent psychopath said "Well, that is the cause of your trauma," and it set us back 20 guineas.

Canard

JAPANESE airmen, a *Daily Telegraph* correspondent reports, are being warned that Australian troops eat their prisoners; which shows how quickly news travels round the East and how garbled it gets.

This fable derives, doubtless, from a reckless story spread by a fribble a little time ago to the effect that during the P.E.N. Club's African Congress at Mbombo (1926) several frantic British booksy girls ran amuck and ate Galsworthy, Romain Rolland, Wells, Blasco Ibáñez, and several other



"Eighteen coupons that, Sir."

"P'raps one about twelve would fit me"

Old Bill: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"What do yer mean? You 'ad the tommy-gun all last week. It's my turn now!"

notables, also some coloured delegates and packmules. Obviously a gross exaggeration. One or two, perhaps three, popular men of letters may have been eaten by excitable female novelists, but to suggest a full-scale orgy is rubbish. Ibáñez, moreover, would certainly have resisted stoutly and maybe eaten his pursuers, and the most blood-crazed booksy girl would hardly have dared take a passing bite at Galsworthy.

Further, none of the horses present at the Congress—horses are notoriously driven crazy by the smell of booksy blood—stampeded; and finally the Japanese delegate, Okeh Sezyu, was not even nibbled, every booksy girl being well aware that Japanese novelists taste of menthol.

Scena

"You silly ———!" cried the warrant officer to the lieutenant furiously, in the presence of about forty other ranks, "you bloody well ruined my finale by stepping right in front of me when I was taking my bow!"

This is no whimsy but—one of our trusties reports—a faithful though bowdlerised verbatim of a backstage scuffle after a recent public performance by one of those high-salaried jazz bands in Army costume about whom an M.P. has been inquiring. The warrant officer was the jazz band leader, the lieutenant was conductor of the whole outfit or scena, the other ranks were highly diverted, and the whole episode seems to us worthy of including in one of those documentary news-reels called "Britain Grits Her Teeth," or "The Eleventh Hour." We had nothing in the last war quite so symbolic.

Far be it from us to suggest that if the incensed warrant officer had struck his superior on the snout Art would have been more justly vindicated, or even to drag in the obvious cliché about fiddling while Rome burns. "Fiddling while Burns roamed" incidentally makes a nice change, implying no smoke or confusion but just artless rural romps with a lot of sonsie weans, Burns's personal sweetie-pies, during the poet's enforced absence on a whisky-gauging ride.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Air Marshal Harris, New Chief of Bomber Command

Air Marshal Arthur Travers Harris has succeeded Air Marshal Richard E. C. Peirse (recently appointed A.O.C.-in-C., India) as Commander-in-Chief, Bomber Command. Air Marshal Harris is forty-nine and holds the C.B., the O.B.E., and the A.F.C. To his friends he is known as "Ginger" because of the colour of his hair. He served in the ranks of the First Rhodesian Regiment in the last war and joined the R.F.C. in 1915, transferring to the R.A.F. in 1919. He has always believed in the power of the bomber and worked with Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal (now Chief of Staff), when he was Chief of Bomber Command, in shaping the big bombing programme of the R.A.F. Air Marshal Harris was Deputy Chief of Air Staff until May 1941, when he was transferred for special duty with the British Air Staff in Washington. His work in America is to be carried on by Air Marshal D. C. S. Evill.



"Come, let us our rites begin; 'Tis only daylight that makes sin"

In the woodland scene, designed for their revelry by Oliver Messel, Comus's "rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women," welcome midnight with grotesque and clumsy dancing. Their master, a prince among his boorish subjects, smoothly leads their rites. Helpmann, as Comus, here delivers the first of his two speeches from Milton's masque

"Why are you vexed, Lady? Why do you frown? Here dwell no frowns, no anger"

Arrived at a stately palace instead of the loyal cottage which Comus promised her, terrified of his "oughly-headed" rabble, the Lady resists with all the strength of her virtue Comus's blandishments and the golden words of his pleading



"And they, so perfect in their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before"

The manners and the movements, coarse, uncouth, mock-gallant, of Comus's crew express as effectively their transformation from courtiers into rustic monsters as the contrast of their animal masks and rich, bright silks and satins

"Comus"

Robert Helpmann's First Ballet is Based
on Milton's Masque, With Purcell Music

As Comus, a scarlet cardinal of vice, holds "his orient liquor in a crystal glass" to the lips of the bound and bewitched Lady, the Attendant Spirit appears like a small and swift avenging angel and drives him from her side





"I can conduct you, Lady, to a low But loyal cottage, where you may be safe"
Lost in the wood where Comus rules the night, the Lady (Margot Fonteyn) wanders, searching for her brothers. She meets Comus and, thinking him a shepherd, accepts him as her guide



"Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms"
The Attendant Spirit (Margaret Dale), by whose only help travellers escape from Comus's spells, finds the Lady's brothers (John Hart, David Pallenghi) and tells them how they may save their sister

Comus, as Robert Helpmann has translated it into balletic terms, was first presented by the Sadler's Wells company at the New Theatre in mid-January, and is being given again during the present three weeks' London season. It is only the sixth new work produced by the company since war began, but, like each of its predecessors, it is a genuine work of art, the fruit of close collaboration between choreographer, musical director (Constant Lambert, who chose and arranged the Purcell music) and designer. Oliver Messel (now a captain in the Army) has surely done nothing better for the theatre than the lovely settings, the dresses and the masks he has designed for this ballet. Helpmann's first choreographic creation shows such certainty of purpose, so much understanding of his medium, such originality, power of characterisation and musical sensitiveness, that great things are expected of his second ballet, for which he has gone to Tchaikowsky's *Hamlet* for inspiration. This will be seen when the company return to the New Theatre in May

Helpmann's "Comus" ends, not in Ludlow town, as in Milton's poem, but with a celebration of the defeat of vice by virtue. The Lady, reunited with her brothers, wakes joyously from her trance to a world made safe once more for her youth and beauty. While the Spirit whips the scrambling, routed monsters from the scene, Comus, dispossessed of palace, power and followers, slinks furtive and sullen in the background



Photographs by Anthony

Sabrina, goddess of the river, answers the Spirit's summons, rising from "the glassy, cool, translucent wave" to release the Lady from her spell-bound trance. The entry of Sabrina (Moyra Fraser) and her water-nymphs is one of the most beautiful moments, both musically and visually, of the ballet. Moyra Fraser herself is particularly well cast for the supple, flowing style of this small but important part



Off Duty Pictures of Lady Churston With Her Children

In the Garden*Children's Hour*

Lady Churston, who is at present living in Dorset, runs a mobile canteen not far from her home, and her spare time is spent with her two children, John and Nicole Yarde-Buller. Lord Churston, who is a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., succeeded his father in 1930 as the fourth Baron, and married in 1933 Miss Elizabeth Mary Du Pre, a daughter of Lieut.-Colonel William Baring Du Pre, of Wilton Park, Beaconsfield. Lord Churston, whose mother is now Mrs. Theodore Wessel, has one brother and four sisters. His three married sisters are Princess Aly Khan, the Hon. Mrs. de Hoghton Lyle and Countess Cadogan

*Photographs by
Swaebe*



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Family Group

QUEEN VICTORIA, who was to stamp her own reign with such a titanic respectability, was herself the child of a dashing age and of a family noted for high living. More than this, the blonde, discreet, plump little girl grew up in an atmosphere tense with domestic intrigues that had political, sometimes international, interests behind them. In and round the ostensible quiet of Kensington there were numbers of people jockeying for position. Between the important child and the world that must so soon claim her, stood her widowed mother, the Duchess of Kent.

Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart, whose *Daughters of George the Third*, published a few years ago, I consider a masterpiece, has now given us, in *The Mother of Victoria* (Macmillan; 15s.), a sympathetic, keen-sighted and piquant portrait both of a woman and of an age. Knowledge of history, flair for period, an eye for what is soundest in the Germanic nature, and a feeling for feminine psychology combine to make Miss Stuart the right biographer for that sorely-tried lady, the Duchess of Kent. She has already done justice to those six princesses (the Duchess of Kent's sisters-in-law) whose long spinsterhoods, in the triste seclusion of Windsor and Kew, never caused them to lose their good manners, optimistic fancies and kind hearts.

The family into which Victoria's mother married could not be called a happy one. The shadow of poor George III.'s doubtful health and varying sanity lay, at the outset, heavily over it. Her eldest brother-in-law, the Prince Regent, raddled and corseted, callous in his behaviour, was not an agreeable character: himself unpopular with the people of England, for his amours, his debts, his ruthless treatment of his wife had become notorious, he was jealous of other claimants to popularity. The death of his only daughter, the Princess Charlotte, in childbirth, had already raised the question of the succession. Though his younger brothers, the Royal Dukes, had loved with fervour and with degrees of scandal, they had so far failed to provide legitimate heirs. The Dukes of Kent and Clarence (the latter due to reign, later, as William IV.) might have been called, respectively, the most respectable and the most good-hearted sons of this rather difficult family.

The Duke of Kent, middle-aged in 1818, could not claim to bring to the handsome widow he married the ardours of first love. But his long-standing liaison with Mme. de St. Laurent, a French-Canadian lady, had been conducted with its own kind of propriety: to the world at large it was hardly known, for the couple, owing to H.R.H.'s debts, had lived a good deal abroad. The Duke's decision to marry, and his regretful parting from Mme. de St. Laurent, who discreetly withdrew to Canada,

was a patriotic gesture deserving of all respect. His bride, the widowed Princess Victoria Mary Louisa of Leiningen, was by birth a Coburg—she was, in fact, the sister of the Prince Leopold who, as the Princess Charlotte's tragic young widower, still mourned alone at Claremont, lately a bridal home. She was, also, the aunt of Albert, the Coburg Prince who was in time to become her child Victoria's Consort. Victoria Mary Louisa's first marriage had been made when she was seventeen. She had borne to her disagreeable husband a son, Charles, and a daughter, the lovely Feodore. After her husband's death she had ruled—with an absolute-ness that, as Miss Stuart points out, may have given her a high standard of royal widow's power—the small Principality of Amorbach. This Principality had lately sustained the wear and tear of the Napoleonic wars.

Life at Amorbach had been pleasant enough, and the Princess's decision to marry again must have been a momentous one. There was much to be taken into account. It was not unlikely that she would be Queen of England; it was certain that she must provide an heir. But the handsome young middle-aged woman was full of élan. Her second marriage—though fated to be so sadly brief—was an entire success. Impecunious but dignified, pompous but understanding, the Duke of Kent made her an excellent husband. In June 1818, after a German honeymoon, the couple landed in England from the royal yacht. They were received with interest and loud cheers. The bride's pleasing person, modest, smiling self-confidence and colourful taste in clothes endeared her to the



A British Authoress in New York

Jan Struther, in private life Mrs. Anthony Maxtone Graham, has taken her children to America for the duration. She herself is doing yeoman service to strengthen Anglo-American friendship by pen, radio and lecture. One of her latest books, "Mrs. Miniver," has just been filmed by M.-G.-M., with Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson as Mr. and Mrs. Miniver. Miss Struther is seen arriving at the Town Hall Club, New York, to address a meeting on Federal Union

public. She prepared, with calm, if not subtle tact, to endure herself to her husband's difficult family. On the whole, the first meetings went off well.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent were to adopt, from the outset, a very strong line in

democracy. One has to realise their background to realise how much they did to disassociate the idea of royalty from the idea of extravagance and scandal. They were a model couple, and they became the rallying-point for that large section of British public opinion—most notably, middle-class opinion—that had been outraged by the Regent's goings-on. They established the precedent, now accepted, of royalty's interest in public works and benevolent schemes: like modern royal couples, they were constant and gracious in their visits to "centres."

The Duke of Kent, in fact, placed himself at the head of those Radicals who pressed hard for reform. As left-wing sponsor, he was not kindly seen by the Tories—and, inevitably, the Kents' relations with the suspicious, elderly roué at Carlton House became anything but good.

In Front of the Child

It is, however, with the Duke's death at Sidmouth, only a few months after the birth of his daughter Victoria, that the really complex drama—a drama with which *The Mother of Victoria* deals so sapiently and delightfully—sets in. Swathed in black, the again widowed Duchess, with her infant, left the fatally damp Sidmouth

(Concluded on page 374)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

MARCH, accounted by most people as a horrid month, is at least The Gateway to Spring. And spring, as you grow older, assumes greater and greater importance. Like nearly all those things which have to be ready for departure before they are appreciated at their full worth. And this also applies to people—sometimes to life itself; though it has given to my generation and to the generation which followed mine a poor deal, all circumstances considered.

To return to spring, however. We wasted so many when we were very young. Our eyes weren't opened. Our hearts took it all for granted. The prospect offered so many more to come. We were content to regard it merely in terms of cricket later on, of rowing, of tennis, especially of holidays.

The early primrose meant nothing to us. We disregarded the exquisite picture which Nature was slowly painting before our eyes. It was far less enthralling than the choice of new summer clothes. We had no inclination to stand and stare. There seemed nothing to stare at—except the miracle which would surely be performed next year.

If we were rich and fashionable we went to London and missed it all—except the marvel of colour which the park gardeners executed out of hot-houses. We flocked to a Cochran revue and only returned to our country houses when summer dust lay thickly upon the picture.

By Richard King

The equally lovely autumn tints meant merely game.

If we were not fashionable we stayed at home and remarked that it was getting warmer every day. That was very nice, because it usually meant the first discussion as to whether the crowd at Bournemouth, Torquay, or even Brighton, offered the most human fun. Briefly, most of us ignored that loveliness which, years hence, if we had found wisdom in the meanwhile, would likely prove most heart-breaking in good-bye.

How sad it is that nearly always the golden opportunities of life look little more than brass junk until there are fewer and fewer chances to seize them! Yet how dear to us has now become that junk of everyday life which once we ignored as being dull repetition! The familiar is never so precious as it is to-day, when, so to speak, by eventide it may have become a memory. So, as I gaze out of the windows of this caravan, it is almost as if I saw spring for the first time. The news may fill me with dismay. I will strive to thrust it back into the half-hidden recesses of consciousness.

There is sanity in a bank of primroses, in daffodils, in a field of buttercups that seems to have imprisoned all the sunlight in the world. Together with all the lovely works which certain men have created in art, literature, music and curative science, they represent that true civilisation for which men fight in order that they may make them all part of their inner life, to be enjoyed in self-fulfilment and in peace.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"



D. R. Stuart

Officers and Training Staff of an R.A.F. Bombing Group Headquarters

Front row: Wing Com. H. J. Kirkpatrick, D.F.C., Group Capt. J. A. Gray, D.F.C., G.M., Wing-Com. J. B. Black, D.F.C. Back row: Flt. Lieut. C. O. Bastain, Sq. Ldr. J. Adams, D.F.C., A.F.C., Sq. Ldr. S. A. Cousins, D.F.C., Flt. Lieut. W. D. G. Watkins, D.F.M., Sq. Ldr. L. V. James, D.F.C.



D. R. Stuart

Cambridge Beat Oxford at Squash Rackets

Cambridge won their match against Oxford by 4 rubbers to 1. Players were (standing) H. C. Holmes (Beaumont and Trinity Hall), A. D. Vanderspar (Harrow and Trinity); (sitting) J. C. Sloper (Sherborne and Corpus), John R. Bridger (Rugby and Clare; captain and a quadruple Blue), F. O. Lang (City of London School and St. Catharine's)



D. R. Stuart

The Oxford Side Who Lost to Cambridge

Oxford squash rackets side were beaten by Cambridge for the second year in succession, having previously this term beaten the R.N.C., Devonport. The Oxford side were (standing) I. J. H. Lewishohn (Stowe and Trinity), C. D. Lawrie (Fettes and Brasenose); (sitting) A. Roper (Merchant Taylors and New College), R. H. Marten (Stonyhurst and Trinity; captain), P. H. Nye (Charterhouse and Balliol)

Hitler v. Hirohito

THIS action for infringement of copyright, which has been incorrectly listed as *In re Hong Kong*, I understand has been settled out of court, the parties having come to an amicable arrangement.

That Scrap of Paper

MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, of the charming voice and alert brain, when reminding us all of the urgent necessity for saving every scrap of paper to add to the store which had already sufficed for the manufacture of ten million shell-case containers, also mentioned, and very rightly, that anyone who wasted even one little bit of this valuable substance was now liable, on conviction, to a fine of £100 or three months' imprisonment, or both. This was very timely, but it is very obvious that some people were not listening to her. The concocters of Regulation 84 AA, for instance, could have avoided at least 600 of the many words they have employed in telling the able-bodied civilian that he can get a ten-years stretch or £500 fine, or both, if he fails to jump to it when this country is invaded. Everything that this regulation wanted to say could have been boiled down to this: "Invasion: Civilian population must jump to it. Penalty for not so doing, ten years or £500 fine, or both. Report for duty nearest Labour Exchange or to nearest Naval, Military or Air Force representative."

Condensation

THIS Regulation 84 AA calls to mind an equally verbose effort. It emanated from a love-lorn loon (accent on the last word) we used to call "Damp," because that was the way he usually was. He spent the thick end of a fiver in describing the last moments of an exceptionally uncomely ape name of "Hooloo," so called because he made a noise like that. He was the property of a lady who had dealt "Damp" a terrible smite with the Divine Rod. She had rejected his addresses, laughed most unfeelingly at the outpourings of his passion, but to make it up to him had left her monk in his charge when she went away. "Damp" tried to sing the beastly animal to sleep and it promptly bit him, burst away in a fit of temper, and finally got torn up into black strips of fur by his dogs, who hated the very sight of it. In his mental distress "Damp" unburdened his soul to a materialistic friend from Arizona. "Shucks," said this coarse creature, "I c'u'd 'a' said all that mush in t'ree li'l woyds! Yes-sir, t'ree li'l woyds!" "You couldn't," said the indignant lover. "Impossible! Anyway, what three words?" "Monk, Abe's Bos'!" said the unromantic tough.

Racing the Only Way

CENTRALISE, and thus reduce overhead charges, lower forfeit and entrance money, lower charges of admission to the public, which will be a quite feasible thing once centralisation is accomplished, better amenities all round, and last, but by no means least, reduction of travelling expenses to those who provide the whole entertainment—owners, trainers and jockeys. Shortly put, these are the objects of the newly-formed Racehorse Owners and Trainers Association, and they are eminently, and obviously, sound. The Jockey Club Stewards have not at the moment approved of this scheme, but are considering it. Whether racing is to continue during this war is a matter about which opinion is fiercely divided. In a very temperate and sensible article in the *Sunday Times*, Lord Crewe wrote: "... there must be some rest for tired minds and muscles unless the work itself is to suffer." In other words, all work and no play does Jack, and also Jill, no good at all. Argued to a logical conclusion,

racing and its kindred sports are just about the same thing as the stage. Racing has been severely rationed and food for horses cut down, but would anyone think it desirable to ration his oat equivalent to Mr. Will Hay, or to knock Ben, Bebe and Vic on the head just because they may not be contributing to the war essential in the same way as is the maker of a Bren gun? I hold that actually they are doing so, and that their entertainment, just as does racing, helps prodigiously towards giving rest to tired minds and keeping the ship on an even keel. I would even go so far as to contend that the much-peppered Doctor Joad, Commander Campbell and their associate Solons do very much the same thing, and *pace* their critics are not overpaid for that same!

Jock Campbell, V.C.

TO be killed in a motor accident after doing that which he did in action is the very irony of fate. No braver man than the late Major-General J. C. Campbell ever wore The Jacket, and I think it is permissible to say that in him was reincarnated the spirit of Norman Ramsay, who went through the French cavalry in the Peninsular War with his battery like a red-hot knife through a pat of butter. Major-General Campbell, when he got his V.C. for magnificent bravery in Libya, had already the D.S.O. and a bar, usually held to be the equivalent of the V.C., and the M.C. He was the kind of man who was bound to rise to any great occasion, and the loss to the Royal Regiment is indeed a grievous one—as it is, indeed, to the whole Army. He was really a first-class horseman both to hounds and on the polo ground, and he was the back of that fine team of the R.A. in 1932 and of the 3rd Brigade, R.H.A. side, which beat the 15/19th Hussars in the Inter-Regimental of 1935 by 5 to 4. The rest of that team was like this: No. 1, Captain B. J. Fowler, Mr. G. P. Gregson and Mr. H. W. L. Cowan in that order. "Jock" Campbell was rather an outsize, and hence not always easy to mount at polo. He was very well known with the Pytchley, and that was exactly the kind of country which would appeal to so bold a spirit. The deepest sympathy is felt throughout all ranks



Vice-Admiral and Bulldog

Vice-Admiral Gordon Campbell, V.C., who opened a Warship Week auction sale at Bodmin, made friends with a bulldog who was also present. Admiral Campbell, who received the V.C., the Croix de Guerre and the Legion d'Honneur in the last war, is the author of "My Mystery Ships" and several other books about the sea



Officers of a Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment

Front row: Capt. T. S. T. Tregellas (standing), Lieut. (Q.M.) L. Moore, Capt. G. Wrangham (R.A.M.C.), W. J. Goody, J. I. W. Walton, R. F. Farmer, Major W. K. Hubbard, the Commanding Officer, Majors A. R. Ford, R. N. Croft, Capt. A. J. Brimacombe, J. Simpson, Rev. W. C. Eggington, Capt. R. C. Speid-Soote, R. G. Hunt, J. S. Crewdson (standing). Middle row: Capt. D. E. Stephens, 2nd Lieut. B. Kimber, Lieut. W. A. Vaughan, I. S. Davies, E. B. Newson, 2nd Lieut. S. J. Kohler, T. J. T. Ayhwin, S. P. Theys, T. C. Jenkins, Lieut. H. J. Cravley, 2nd Lieut. S. J. Wheeler, Capt. R. D. Brook, 2nd Lieut. R. Hamlyn, R. S. D. Bell, D. Cutcliffe, G. D. Chalk, Lieut. M. H. Prescott. Back row: 2nd Lieut. G. S. King, Lieut. C. Simons, 2nd Lieut. P. E. H. Standbridge, A. R. Klitz, F. A. James, E. J. Tarrant, C. B. Prentice, W. W. Sayers, H. W. Sayers, P. C. Slater, Lieut. G. P. R. Anslow, N. H. Antenbring, 2nd Lieut. G. D. Simms-Reeve, A. Myman, H. A. B. Watson, H. G. R. Whitcomb

of the Army and elsewhere in the world at large for his widow and family.

A C.O.'s Last Parade

THE officer concerned is that famous light-weight known throughout the Cavalry Arm in happier times as "Shabash," who, like many another fine officer, is now, I fear, to be lost to the Home Guard by reason of this age limit. Colonel T. P. Melville got command of his regiment, the 17th Lancers, in the last war, and unfortunately was laid out just at the very moment when he least wanted to be—the final Cavalry pursuit of the beaten Hun. It was very hard luck. "Shabash's" name will always be connected with the most famous 17th Lancer team in polo history, the one which put up a record in Inter-Regimental wins (England, India and one on the Rhine) which can now never be beaten. The other members of that famous side were H. B. Turnor, V. N. Lockett and D. C. Boles; and a grand combination it was. "Shabash" Melville played for England *v.* America in 1924 and Vivian Lockett many a time and oft. Now, because of the rule which takes no note of individual cases, these and other distinguished soldiers, all fighting fit, are to be denied the chance of serving their country in an hour of need in the fine Second Line Army, units of which so many of them have commanded. "Shabash's" last parade was when his Majesty inspected his Home Guard company.



"Up and Onwards"

Air Vice-Marshal T. Leigh-Mallory, D.S.O., presented a crest bearing the inscription "Pambili Bo" (Zulu for "Up and Onwards") to the Natal Fighter Squadron. He is seen with the Station Warrant Officer after the presentation. Members of the squadron freely interpret their motto as "Get cracking"

Elephant *v.* Horse

VIS-A-VIS the announcement that the Japs are using elephants in their attack on Burma, "One As Knows" of the times when the heavy batteries R.A. were "horsed" by elephants sends me an interesting yarn about the appalling effect elephants had upon the rest of the Army upon the occasion of a ceremonial parade to which a Viceroy of India came specially to take the salute. The classically-minded will recall the scatteration caused amongst the Roman cavalry by Hannibal's elephants—the forerunners of present-day tanks, and employed upon much the same system, namely, to terrify and break through.

The war correspondent of that time said that the cavalry horses were stampeded *et absonitu et ab odore insolitu*. I have yet to meet a horse that likes the smell of an elephant. However, here is my friend's account of a most glorious wind-up:—

"I wonder if you remember the famous march past which led to the hurried abolition of the old elephant-drawn heavy batteries. If not, here goes. I think the scene was Mhow, but can't be sure. Anyhow, the Viceroy had turned up in person to review the troops and take the salute, and as luck would have it there was included an old-fashioned heavy artillery brigade, which worked out at, I think, two batteries of four 40-pounders and two 6.3 howitzers each—that is, twelve pieces altogether, each drawn on parade by two elephants apiece, twenty-four *hathis* altogether.

"All went well till the march past: horse artillery, cavalry and field-artillery all went by in style, and then came the turn of the heavy brigade, which marched past in line, all twenty-four elephants together, a most awe-inspiring sight. What the staff had forgotten, or did not know, was that according to immemorial custom, the elephants, when the King or Viceroy was present, and for no one else, gave the Royal Salute by trumpeting as they passed him, and so, of course, they did, all twenty-four together.

"Well, you know how the quietest horse behaves if a single elephant trumpets, or even starts to try, anywhere near him, and twenty-four was too much of a good thing altogether. Every horse within hearing behaved as if he had a beehive under his saddle. The VIIIth Hussars (I think) were not collected for three days, and what happened to the Indian Cavalry I never heard, but they disintegrated too, while the countryside for miles was strewn with colonels, adjutants and staff officers of all sorts and ranks.

"Anyhow, it was the poor old *hathis*' last appearance, as orders were hurriedly issued to get rid of them at once and replace them by horses; but it was a glorious wind-up!

"Funny devils those old elephants. I expect you know that each had a defaulter's sheet, like a soldier, and his crimes, punishments, etc., were duly entered up. I believe the favourite punishment was so many strokes with a chain duly laid on by a pair of his pals!" Tough punishment!



Lord Gort Shakes Hands With Some Winners

A platoon from the Devon Regiment were winners of a large-scale training exercise competition which took place at Gibraltar. Fieldcraft, marksmanship and a knowledge of elementary tactics were all taken into account, and the tests included street fighting, scaling walls, and climbing the Rock itself. General Lord Gort, Governor and C.-in-C. of Gibraltar, congratulated the winners after the race



The King Inspects a Company of Home Guards

Members of the King's Lynn Home Guard were recently visited by the King. Colonel T. P. Melville, commanding them at the time, is just behind his Majesty in the picture. Colonel Melville, formerly in the 17th Lancers, was a member of the famous 17th/21st Lancers' polo team which put up a record in inter-regimental polo, and he played for England in 1924

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 361)

in his own clothes too; but Joyce Howard and Guy Middleton were "tarted-up" in sequins and a red carnation respectively to take part in the scene. Harold French, the director, was one of the people looking on.

In the Canteen

INTERESTING in the crowd at lunch were people in the Noel Coward naval film, unmade-up, convincingly tough-looking, wearing camel-hair garments with hoods. One of them was Bernard Miles, famous for his monologues, another looked like Michael Wilding. Mr. Tony Havelock Allan, the producer, was to be seen, but not shy director-writer-actor Noel Coward, who won't allow anyone on the set while he is at work.

The third film going on is *Handel*, and people in wigs, periwigs, and panniers smoked incongruous cigarettes.

Countess and Red Cross

LADY SHREWSBURY, who spends a lot of time making speeches at charitable gatherings, was at a meeting at Walsall, to help plead for the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Collection. There was a tea afterwards, given by the Mayor and Mayoress.

Lady Shrewsbury, who has one daughter, was Miss Nadine Crofton-Atkins, and comes from Devonshire. Her sister is Mrs. Peter Heber-Percy, and her husband's sister is Lady Stanley of Alderley, who also has one daughter.

In her short speech, she touched on the many-sided work being done by the Red Cross and St. John Joint War Organisation, and mentioned that up to the end of last year, more than 1100 Staffordshire men had been notified as prisoners of war.

Wedding

THE important wedding lately was between Captain Cosmo Bonsor and Miss Elizabeth Hambro. The bride's father is M.P. for a division of Dorset, and has a lovely house down there called Milton Abbas. The bridegroom's parents are Sir Reginald and Lady Bonsor, of Liscombe Park, Leighton Buzzard.

There were two child attendants: the bride's niece, Miss Zandra Hambro, and her cousin, Master Peter Hill-Wood.

There was an enormous crowd of guests, among them Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley—she was Miss Baba Beaton, and her sister married Mr. Alec Hambro—Lady Worthington, Marie Lady Cadogan, Colonel and Mrs. Akers-Douglas, Lady Moncreiff, Miss Lavinia Lascelles, Mrs. Morrison-Bell, and Mr. and Mrs. Julian Martin-Smith.

The bridegroom is in the Royal Artillery, and his brother, who was his best man, is in the Grenadier Guards.

Reception

THE monthly reception at the Overseas League was as crowded as ever. Sir Jocelyn Lucas was there, but Lady Lucas, who has been ill for some time, is still in bed, and much missed.

The guest of honour was the Polish President, so there were a good many Poles there, including Countess Raczyńska, wife of the Ambassador.

The Belgian Ambassador, Baron Cartier de Marchienne, was there, the Egyptian Ambassador, the first Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Alexander, Lord Bennett, and many more of all nationalities.



Officers of the St. John Ambulance Brigade

Mrs. St. John Atkinson, Lady Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, has been a member of the Brigade since 1913. During World War I, she served as a V.A.D., and as a masseuse at the King George V. Hospital. Fifty thousand nursing members of the Brigade come under her direction.

Lady Dunbar-Nasmith, as Chief Controller of the Girl Cadets, St. John Ambulance Brigade, has more than 8000 members between the ages of eleven and seventeen under her direction. Lady Dunbar-Nasmith is the wife of Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith, V.C., who was, until recently, C-in-C. Plymouth

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 371)

"cottage" for London, to occupy the apartments allotted her in Kensington Palace. And here she and the child were to be the centre, and battle-ground, of what came to be called "the Kensington clique."

Drama, one may say, had set in before this: a "scene" at Princess Victoria's christening had already reduced the Duchess of Kent to tears. Feeling about the infant's name had run high: the name had not yet been decided when she was brought to the font. And the little Princess of Kent's chances of succession to the throne of England were to remain uncertain for many years—it was always possible, for instance, that the Duke and Duchess of Clarence might have a son (indeed, poor Adelaide did make several attempts); also, the Duke of Cumberland's party were pressing for an introduction of the Salic Law that would debar Victoria from succession. In fact, the claims of the Duchess of Kent and her daughter were to need careful watching, careful manoeuvring. Unhappily, there were too many people willing to undertake this. And their discretion, in most cases, was to be less in evidence than their zeal.

The most prominent, and most outwardly dangerous, figure in the otherwise feminine household at Kensington was the handsome, ambitious Irishman, Sir John Conroy. Sir John had been the dead Duke's Comptroller and close friend, and the Duchess retained him as her Comptroller. Having cast the widow and child to play star parts, Sir John made himself their powerful manager. It is to him—Miss Stuart suggests—that the Duchess's arrogant and tactless behaviour—so much out of accord with all the rest of her nature—is to be traced. She embarked, for an unhappy period, on what one can only call a career of publicity-mongering. She insisted, wherever she went, on rather more than her rights. She fell out with King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, who, as Duke and Duchess of Clarence, had been her loyal and most excellent friends. In fact, all through Princess Victoria's childhood and girlhood royal relationships were going from bad to worse. This was to culminate in a towering scene at Windsor.

Sir John's influence over the Duchess of Kent was so marked that scandalous-romantic rumours could not fail to arise, and to be spread about by Kensington's enemies. Miss Stuart, having considered the matter, supports, by various bits of evidence, her belief that these rumours were untrue. Sir John's vigorous and astute domination was enough to make itself felt without any question of love. But Sir John, astute as he was, made one bad mistake—he ignored the child. The small, plump, docile young person who, at the royal table, tucked into her bread and milk from a silver bowl was an infant elephant, born to forget nothing. Behind that round, prim countenance the profound resentments of childhood stored themselves—and a Queen was, in time, to pay off the child's scores. Not only was the first year of Victoria's reign to be signalled by Sir John's disappearance into complete obscurity, but the Duchess herself was to feel an appalling coldness from the daughter who was the very heart of her life. This breach between mother and Queen-daughter was to be healed only by the nephew of one and husband of the other—Albert, the Good Prince.

Another more sinister figure of the Kensington household was to play upon little Victoria's resentments. Lehzen, the German governess brought from Amorbach, was to worm herself deeply into the young heart—it was at Lehzen, not at her mother, that Victoria solemnly smiled at the moment when the Crown was being placed on her head. The liquidation of Lehzen was not the least of Prince Albert's work.

I have no more than outlined, in this review, the story Miss Stuart tells so well. The situation had a dozen important factors of which I have no more room to speak. With all confidence I recommend *The Mother of Victoria*: readers must surely share my lively pleasure in it.

Passions in Africa

MR. STUART CLOETE has followed up *The Turning Wheels* and *Watch for the Dawn* with a third South African novel—*The Hill of Doves* (Collins; 10s. 6d.). Lovers of his vigorous, masculine writing will not be disappointed. Here is full value in movement, passion and energy, and a graphic, sense-charged unfolding of the South African scene.

The time is 1880—first Boer War. The Boers are Mr. Cloete's protagonists—and he makes us share their indignation and admire their courage to a degree that would have been found surprising by the English of 1880. A simple—though far from ethereal—love-story gives frame and contrast to the exciting chapters of the Boer campaign. Lena du Toit and her cousin Dirk plight their troth and anticipate their marriage quite early on. Separated by Dirk's going to fight, they think of each other—as Mr. Cloete a little too repetitively tells us—with constant, detailed, amorous longing. At the end they are reunited: we leave them closing the door of their bridal chamber after a wedding cheered by the cessation of war. To say that the characters in this novel are preoccupied with sex is to put it mildly. Even Lena's great-grandfather thinks about practically nothing else—except when he remembers hunting.

Murder de Luxe

"DESIGN FOR MURDER," by Percival Wilde, author of *Inquest* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), is a first-rate American thriller. A bunch of sophisticates, housebound by rain in their host's Connecticut "shanty" (forty rooms, bar, swimming-pool, covered tennis court), pass from a racy analysis of detective fiction to the staging of a murder game. Real gruesome death intervenes. The hectic, jittery atmosphere could not be better done. And the book is original not only in its construction, but in its cutting out of all conventional "props."

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Williamson-Noble—Till

Sec.-Lieut. Miles N. Williamson-Noble, R.A., elder son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. F. A. Williamson-Noble, of 27, Harley Street, W.1, and Denise Marson Till, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Till, of Northwood, Middlesex, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Payne Cook—Somerset

Lieut. Andrew John Hugh Payne Cook, son of the Rev. Gerald and Mrs. Payne Cook, of Clewer Rectory, Windsor, married Anne Vivian Somerset at Clewer Parish Church. She is the elder daughter of Sq.-Ldr. the Hon. Wellesley Somerset, and Mrs. Somerset, of Thurlaston House, Rugby



Scott—Helmere

Lieut. Cuthbert Le Mesurier Scott, R.N., second son of the late Albert Scott and Mrs. Scott, of the Pantiles, Hampstead, married Peggie Vivian Helmore, daughter of Group-Captain W. Helmore, of Shotover, Combe Lane, Kingston, at St. Peter's Church, Vere Street



Raban—Button

Lieut. Nigel Raban, East Yorkshire Regiment, only son of the late Capt. H. T. Raban and Mrs. Raban, of Rock House, Elberton, Bristol, married Joan Button, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Button, of Chesham, Bucks., at Chesham Church



Grainger—Wheeler

Dr. Clifford Newman Grainger, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Grainger, of Dulwich, and Iris Mary Wheeler, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Wheeler, of Franks, Horton Kirby, Kent, were married at St. Mary's Church, Horton Kirby



Dwyer—McGettigan

Lieut. Robert Dwyer, R.N., of Cork, and Elizabeth Christine McGettigan were married at the Church of Our Lady, St. John's Wood. She is the second daughter of the late John McGettigan, of Galway, Ireland



Brook—Pelley

Sec.-Lieut. David Joseph Brook, younger son of Major and Mrs. Vernon Brook, and Jean Kinsey Pelley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey Pelley, were married at St. Alphege, Solihull, Warwickshire



Wynyard-Wright—Gerrish

Pilot Officer Basil A. Q. Wynyard-Wright, R.A.F.V.R., of Bredward St. Davids, Burnham, Bucks., married Rosanne Gerrish, only daughter of Captain Harry S. Gerrish, of Slough, and the late Mrs. Gerrish, at Burnham Parish Church



Crosthwaite—Curell

Capt. Tudor Derek Crosthwaite, The Berkshire Yeomanry, elder son of Captain and Mrs. Tudor Crosthwaite, of Little Bowden, Pangbourne, Berks., and Jean Felicia Curell, elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Curell, of Knockmark, Drumree, Co. Meath, were married at Dunshauglin Church



Swift—Tulley

Major David Clement Swift, R.A., elder son of Commander and Mrs. C. C. Swift, of Battle, Sussex, married Gwendoline E. Tulley, elder daughter of the late J. Tulley, and Mrs. Tulley, of Darlington, Durham, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Fun and Games on a Metal Runway

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

This ingenious form of "magic carpet" is used to improve take-off on certain aerodromes where the going is not too good. A similar device was used by the R.A.F. in France in the early days of the war. It is reputed to be hard on tyres and possibly, so our artist suggests, on tempers. His drawing shows the sequel to the tail-wheel of a Spitfire getting caught up in the mesh of the runway. Portable aerodromes with steel surfaces are now being used by the United States Army Air Corps; they are made of steel sheets 10 ft. long, perforated with large holes, known as Marston strip. When hooked together they form a firm landing-surface for all kinds of aircraft



Skilled labour..

That wooden stave must be treated—to stand up to many seasons of frost and rain and sun ! For, it is destined for the fence beyond the new herbaceous border—to keep the cows away from patiently-planted cuttings.

For *flowers* are being grown again ; beauty has returned hand-in-hand with peace ! This is the *new world*—these are the days to come . . .

Once more happy Saturday mornings, shopping in the neighbouring town.

Once more — the little car playing its part in the family's varied activities of work and play . . . When the *new world* comes the Standard Motor Company will meet the need for *new world* cars . . .



The Standard Motor Company Limited, Coventry



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Why is it a household word in the best kitchens of the country?

Because it is absolutely pure ; it is practically tasteless and lacks that slightly nauseous tang associated with the commercial article.

Always ask for HOWARDS' Bicarbonate of Soda

It costs a little more but it is worth it

Manufactured by HOWARDS & SONS LTD. (Established 1797) ILFORD
MAKERS OF HOWARDS' QUININE, ASPIRIN, QUINISAN, ETC.



A triumph of line and simplicity is the maternity frock above from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. It is provided with clever devices for helping to preserve the outline of the figure. It is cut in one and consists of a coat and adjustable panel. There are many variations on this theme, some provided with boleros and others with boxy coats. For women who work in the house or garden there are smocks, short and long: pleats are often introduced at the sides. House-coats are cut on graceful lines. It is unwise to acquire a maternity outfit before choosing the all-important corset, which must be correctly cut on scientific lines

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



It is not on silk or satin that Harrods, Knightsbridge, have levied a toll for the fashioning of the evening dress above, but on crêpe. By the way, an economy worth remembering is that later on this dress may be shortened and worn out of doors: think how well it would look on a summer evening. The colour schemes in which dresses of this character are available are really beautiful; they are reminiscent of the shades in the hothouse as well as the garden flowers. Black dresses are well represented, relieved with gaily-coloured embroidery. Pleats occupy a prominent position in frocks to be found in the Inexpensive Dress Department, where wardrobes may be equipped for a modest outlay

Suits for Small Women

MAN-TAILORED Suit in good quality Check Tweed. The long-line Jacket has pockets and collar trimmed with velvet. Skirt is pleated at back and front.

In Black/Gold, Blue/Brown, Wine/Brown, and Blue/Wine mixtures. Hips 34, 35, 36, 37 and 38 in.
(18 coupons) **9½ gns.**
(Dept. for Small Sizes)

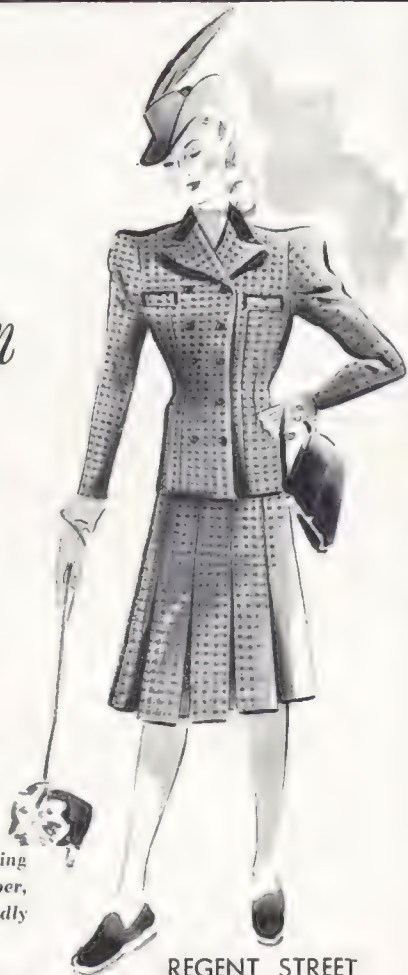
Felt Hat in Black, Brown and Navy, contrasting quills
69'6

We regret — no catalogue — owing to the National need of Paper, but details of varied stocks gladly sent on application.

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Except that it must conform strictly to pattern, tailoring a uniform for any officer of the women's services is very much like tailoring a classic "tailleur." The whole effect depends entirely on a subtlety of cut and elegance of finish. The uniform we make for you will not only satisfy the eye of the keenest commandant, but it will gratify the most feminine instinct for beautifully styled clothing. The W.R.N.S. uniform photographed shows exactly what we mean. If circumstances demand outfitting on the spot, we have an equally well-tailored range of uniforms for immediate wear.

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Parawhoopee

GOING places by parachute has the merit of universality and something nearly approaching omniscience. The silken canopy laughs at locksmiths and provides for its dependant an ever open door. No matter how carefully a place may be hedged round by protections and gates and guards, the nimble paratrooper will slip past the doorman, elude the defensive secretary, defy the chucker-out and evade or over-step the minefields of social exclusivity.

It is a sobering thought that the air-borne *arriviste* could land on the lawn of the Royal Yacht Squadron without permission of the members. Paratroops, in brief, might have their uses in peace as well as war and are the very daemon of democracy, the exemplary defiers of doors and gates and walls and fences and even of sky-scraping social barriers.

In the combined raid on the German radiolocation station close to Havre our paratroops entered the defended zone from above and completed their task while the Germans were still wondering how on earth they had got in. Since that interesting raid there has been a great deal of discussion about the future use of our air-borne contingents and in the course of it I have heard members of the Royal Air Force referring to one small side issue which is worth repeating.

Write-ups

THEY say that their own Service got more recognition in the Press than it deserved compared with what the paratroops and infantry got.

"We only delivered them in plain vans" was the comment of one pilot, "but they had to do the nasty part of the job."

That they should feel this way does credit to the Royal Air Force crews who were engaged and I like to put the point on record. Royal Air Force officers and men have had a good deal of the limelight; but that has never to my knowledge been because they have sought it. It is mainly because all actions in this war are largely air actions and because the air arm is the newest arm.

It is for the same reason that Sir Archibald Sinclair's speech on the Air Estimates attracted so much attention in the House of Commons. It was a heartening speech and it promised great things. Let us hope that

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

this time neither bad weather nor anything else will hold up the predicted bombing offensive against Germany.

Merlin Magic

ELVIRA, in *Blithe Spirit*, makes some slighting references to the unconvincing activities of Merlin on the "other side." On this side, however, there is a Merlin whose magic is uncontested and uncontested, the Rolls-Royce Merlin which powers the Spitfire, the Hurricane and—now—the Beaufighter as well as some of the bombers.

I had the chance a few weeks ago—at the invitation of the Ministry of Aircraft Production—to go over one of the big Rolls-Royce works where the Merlin is made. And at the same time the Ministry allowed some mention of the latest form of this engine which is actually in service, the Merlin XX. Between thirty and thirty-three per cent women are used in the factory, which is right up to Rolls-Royce standards in the lay-out, equipment, ancillary services and everything else.

One thing I noticed in particular is that the women are given reasonably well-cut, smart-looking overalls and that they are, therefore, able to keep up appearances (in the best sense) while taking on every kind of job up to the engine assembly work.

Renault Raid

I TAKE it that the raids on factories which are working for the Germans in occupied France will be continued. Operationally the raid on the Renault works near Paris, two or three weeks ago, was a brilliant success; but from other points of view it was a melancholy necessity.

In some ways the Germans must find pleasure in the fact that we are forced to bomb Frenchmen. Their loss in tanks and other war material will

worry them, but they will find a loathsome satisfaction in the thought that they have succeeded in setting two old allies at each other's throats. Let us hope that our propaganda will exert itself to the fullest possible extent in order to keep Vichy France informed of the facts. We cannot let the Germans obtain war materials from factories which are close to us and which we can knock out with bombs. It is admitted that frightful penalties would be exacted from the

French workpeople if they refused to build tanks and other munitions for the Germans; but the peoples of other countries under German domination are no better off than they. We have to weigh and consider these things.

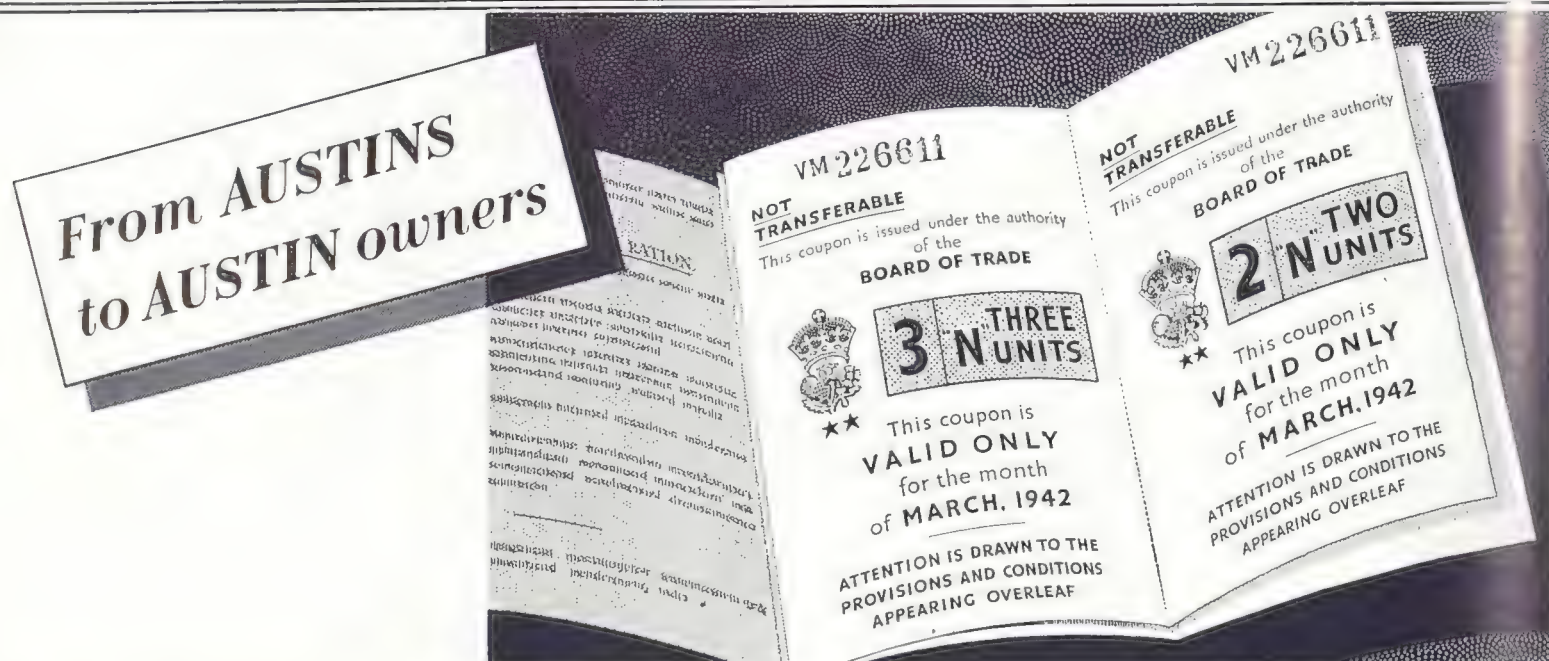
Considered in a cold-blooded manner, the Renault raid must be regarded as a far more effective operation than anything the Germans have ever done. The distances involved were comparable with those covered by the German bombers when they were raiding Britain—whereas our bombers usually have to cover enormously greater distances. But the raid was incomparably more concentrated in its effects. In two hours our bombers did what took the German bombers working at the same range six or eight hours.

But nobody has ever doubted that our bomber forces are incomparably more efficient than the German. They have suffered from strategical disadvantages. Let them have the chances to strike that the German bombers have enjoyed right from the beginning and we should see really heavy blows dealt out.

Figures

THE way the United States is getting down to the huge aircraft production programme is an inspiration. Colonel Jouett the other day said that the industry must increase its factory floor area from the present fifty million square feet to more than eighty million this year and then to more than 180 million next year. Labour must be expanded from about 400,000 at present in the aircraft industry to more than 700,000 within the next few months and upwards of 2,000,000 including the motor car people.

Taking all types, 185,000 aeroplanes in two years meant 555,000 engines. Possibly fifty million parking plugs would be needed. As I have said before I believe that the U.S. industry will achieve the output asked for by the President.



THE COUPON SITUATION . . .

Petrol coupons may get scarcer still, but no motorist is better off than the Austin owner. For Austin cars are proving specially economical even on the very average kind of petrol we get from the Pool. In days

of peace some motorists were heard to say (even to boast) that their cars would only run well on fancy fuels loaded with high efficiency "dopes." But Austin cars run well on any petrol and better and farther than most on petrol of quite ordinary standards.

Aren't you GLAD you invested in an AUSTIN

Read the Austin Magazine — it contains useful tips — 4d monthly from your newsagent.

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EVERYONE in the family likes Wright's and can use it. Its healthy fragrance tells its own 'protection-from-infection' story. Quickly and thoroughly it cleanses and tones the skin. Economically it serves as an all-purpose bath-and-toilet soap. Doctors add their recommendation to its solid reputation built up on 75 years' family acceptance.

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1 Tablet - 1 coupon 7½d. per tablet (including Tax)

THE WRIGHT SOAP FOR THE FAMILY RATION



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No. 495 was christened John Winston Smith (known to his mother as the precious lamb). His home was small but filled with all those things that money can't buy . . . love, happiness, and laughter off the chest.

His daddy hadn't much money but he had a lot of fine dreams about young J. W. and was going to struggle to make them come true.

But one thing daddy forgot — security. You've got to have a free England for free men to grow up in.

Money is wanted for winning the war. Then lend all you can — every penny. There's nothing else you can spend it on that's worth while compared to our youngsters' future.

Otherwise it will be — "The Gauleiter wants you!" And what about his future then . . . ?

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Put every penny you can scrape
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Nicolls READY-FOR-SERVICE UNIFORMS
SAVE YOU TIME
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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

PETER was visiting his aunt in the country, and this relative was somewhat strict with him.

One thing she did insist on was the proper observance of Sunday as not a day for play. So when she found Peter sailing his toy boat in the bath tub on Sunday afternoon she was grieved.

"Don't you know, Peter," she said, reproachfully, "that it's very wicked to sail your boat on Sunday?"

"Oh, but aunty," explained Peter, anxiously, "it's not a pleasure trip. It's a missionary boat going to Africa."

MAID (to mistress): "Please, mum, shall we be doin' the spring cleanin' before or after the invasion?"

WHEN Goebbels read a report in a German paper of what had happened to the British Navy he could hardly believe his lies!

HE was the squire of the village as well as a Member of Parliament, and he liked people to remember the fact. All the local shopkeepers put up with his nonsense for the sake of his custom.

But when rationing started and he grumbled because the grocer would not let him have extra sugar and tea, the rage of years broke from the tradesman.

"An' let me tell you, sir," the grocer finished up, "you may be squire and sit in Parliament, but to me you're just another ration book!"

THEY were inspecting the work done on a new estate, and the foreman sent one of the men into one house, while he went next door.

"Now, Bill," he said, "I'm speaking quite quietly. Can you hear me?"

"'Ear you!" came the reply. "Lumme, I can see you in three places!"

A BANKER fell in love with an actress and decided to ask her to marry him. Before doing so, however, he employed a private detective to report upon her character and antecedents.

Back came the report: "The only thing known against the lady is that she has lately been seen too often in the company of a banker of doubtful reputation."

BEFORE the court on wife-brought charges of desertion and non-support, Mose meekly admitted his guilt and offered nothing in extenuation except that the lady talked too much.

"That's no excuse for desertion, Mose," said the judge. "Don't you know that the law gives a woman the right to talk all she wants to?"

"Yassuh, Judge. I know it do. Only Lucy she never stop talkin'. She keep it up stiddy, mo'nin, noon and night, day in, day out, till it git so I can't stan' it no mo', Judge."

His mournful earnestness impressed the court.

"She does? What does she talk about?"

Mose wagged his head sorrowfully.

"Judge, suh," he said, "she don't say."

AN inspector, examining tickets in a bus in the blackout approached a middle-aged woman with the usual: "Ticket, please?"

The woman began to search her large handbag, emptying article after article on her lap in doing so. The inspector, settled down, watched with interest. The pile of disinterred articles grew steadily, until the woman, growing frantic, exposed to view a dog lead.

At this a deep Cockney voice at her side was heard to say:

"Lumme, ma'am, you ain't got it on the end of that, 'ave yer?"

"WHAT," asked the golfer, "is the best thing for me to do now, caddie?"

"Pack up and go 'ome to the bosom of your family," replied the fed-up caddie.



"Is it possible to register with you for eggs?"

Are YOU Guilty?

If you waste or wantonly burn paper of any kind, whether it is newsprint, old periodicals, letters or any discarded material which has paper or cardboard in its make-up, you are committing an offence which is punishable by law. It is estimated that since war started, half a million tons of paper that might have been used for munitions has been lost through being burnt, thrown away or mixed with rubbish in the dustbin.

Please keep ALL paper, even your bus and tram tickets, clean and dry for salvage. Tie it in a bundle separate from other refuse so that it may be used to keep supplied with vital ammunition the men who are fighting to protect you and your homes.

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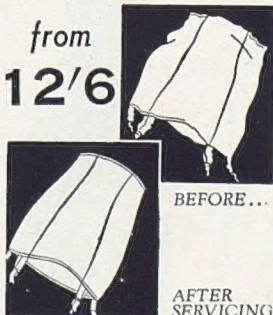
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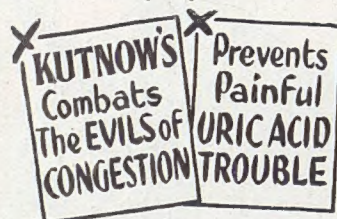
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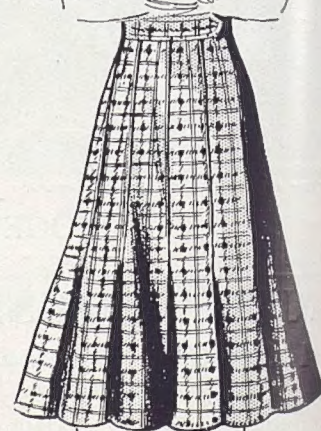
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